

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 11. [NEW SERIES.] NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1824.

VOL. II.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

### MRS. NIXON'S WILL.

"I THINK there is a storm coming on," said farmer Hodgkins, addressing himself to two or three of his neighbours as he looked towards the village of Fifefield or Fivefields, about an hour before sunset;—"I think there's a storm coming on;—see how the smoke rolls along the top of Tammy Turton's Row yonder!" "Faith and that it does," said farmer Stephens, "and how black it is—I never saw such a smoke there before; what can they be burning up at Mrs. Nixon's?" "I'll tell you," cried farmer Nicholson in a tone of surprise, "in my opinion, that smoke is neither a sign of bad weather nor are they burning any thing at Mrs. Nixon's—but I'll be sworn that Mrs. Nixon's house is burning, and that fast too, ay, look how dark that roll of smoke is now. We shall see the whole row in flames in half an hour!" The farmers now changed their ground that they might have a better view of the smoke, and they were soon convinced that brother Nicholson's remark was correct. The upper house of the row speedily sent forth volumes that came thicker and blacker over the tops of the neighbouring houses. The occupiers of those houses were now seen emerging rapidly, bearing furniture and children, and some of them driving cattle that had been kept in the back premises. "It will be bad weather for them," said farmer Hodgkins, "it will be storm enough for them, let us go, neighbours, and assist them; we may be of some use in quenching the flames, or at least in saving the furniture or goods. I do believe nobody has had the sense to go to Mrs. Nixon's, every body seems taking care of himself. Look! the flames are bursting out, haste, neighbours, haste—let us help them while we have the power." In an instant the whole body were in motion down the hill on which the hamlet of Toppinton was situated. Fifefield was about three quarters

of a mile off, on a lower hill, to which there was a gradual descent; so that the three farmers we have mentioned, with two others who joined them, speedily found themselves in front of Tommy Turton's Row, at the top of which the fire had commenced.

Mrs. Nixon was an aged widow lady, who had lived long in the village in a state of benevolent retirement. The inhabitants had succeeded in getting her out, and were endeavouring to save her most valuable furniture when the farmers reached the spot. Farmer Nicholson and farmer Hodgkins assisted to rescue the moveable property. While thus employed, they were disturbed by a loud noise as of something falling down in Mrs. Nixon's private apartment, and they fled rapidly out of the house lest the roof should fall in. As nothing had actually fallen, however, they were induced to believe that some person was pulling down the furniture of that apartment, and they returned to their occupation. They soon after heard a loud rumbling, as if some one were attempting to drag out a heavy bureau or table, without being able to do more than merely move it. They were too much engaged in what they had been prevented from effecting, when the noise first attracted their attention, to think of lending their assistance; but that assistance was soon pointedly demanded, and in a manner most remarkable. A large Newfoundland dog rushed out from Mrs. Nixon's apartment, and alternately barking and whining, seized the coat of farmer Hodgkins and motioned to drag him from the place where he stood. The dog was well known. He had been a particular favourite of the deceased Mr. Nixon, and had remained since his death almost constantly in the apartment of the widow. This dog was singularly sagacious—had saved the lives of several persons in the neighbouring river, the Thames—and was known to exhibit a consciousness of the conduct and even intentions of those around him far beyond the generality of his species. Mr. Hodgkins in an instant determined on following poor Paulo. He was convinced the dog was aware he would do so at the risk of his own life, and was in consequence equally certain that the animal could have no

common object in view in seeking assistance, when he had evidently been vainly endeavouring to perform some service unseen by human witness. Calling to him, therefore, a man of the village, Mr. H. proceeded with him and the dog to the apartment over flaming rafters, and breaking through fiery wainscotting, which bent from the walls so as frequently to place a dangerous barrier across the passage.

It was dusk when the farmer and his companions entered the room, but not so dark but they could see a man rush across the floor and make his escape by the window as they entered. The dog rushed to the window after him with every manifestation of almost uncontrollable rage. The farmer and the villager instinctively followed, but the man was fled. Firmly fixed at the bottom of the window, however, they discovered a chain-ladder by which he had evidently gained access and escaped. The dog then seized one of the doors of a large mahogany wardrobe of an antiquated form, which the neighbours had considered less worth preserving than the other articles they had already removed. Mr. Hodgkins threw open the doors. The wardrobe was empty. Still the dog seized the door and pulled, and occasionally ran to Mr. Hodgkins and looked up in his face as if to say—"save it—save it." The flames were gaining rapidly on them. Noises were heard, which indicated that part of the building had already fallen. There was no time for hesitation, and Mr. Hodgkins and the villager took the wardrobe in their hands, with difficulty carried it to the window and crushed it out through the broken glass and flaming atmosphere. It fell into the area below, and they returned to the part of the house whence Paulo's importunities had withdrawn them. Not so Paulo. The poor animal was found sitting on the wardrobe, which he watched from the time of its ejection, till he saw it placed in the house in which Mrs. Nixon had found an asylum.

The fire was not extinguished till it had consumed the house of Mrs. Nixon and the two adjoining dwellings. No lives were lost, however; the houses were soon rebuilt, and in a few months the fire itself was forgotten. But five years after there was occasion given to remember it. Mrs. Nixon died of apoplexy, and no one could discover who was the heir to her large possessions. This was the more strange, as she had often been heard to speak of her will, without, however, mentioning to whom she had left her property. It was supposed the will was concealed somewhere about the wardrobe, as she had always been very anxious about the preservation of that piece of furniture. But the wardrobe was taken to pieces, and there did not appear a trace of any will, or

of any secret drawer wherein a will could have been deposited.

When all hope had been given up, and when persons from the crown were daily expected to take possession, Mr. Hodgkins having heard of the breaking up of the wardrobe, suddenly bethought himself that his adventure with the dog must have had some immediate connexion with the will.—He repaired to the place where the ruins of the wardrobe were lying, ready to be appropriated to the manufacture of some other article of household utility. The wardrobe had been taken to pieces joint by joint, plank by plank, and pannel by pannel. The joiner endeavoured to demonstrate the impossibility of there being any thing concealed in the separate pieces of wood, and he proceeded in his demonstrations, as if he had prodigious gratification in repeating them for the two hundred and fiftieth time, when Mr. Hodgkins remembered that the dog had been particularly eager in holding by one door, and that only. He instantly inquired for the right door, got together all its parts, and commenced a minute examination of the surface of every one of them. There was no sign of spring or place of concealment. He then ordered the parts to be sawn asunder, and in the midst of the middle pannel there was a cavity most ingeniously contrived for the safe custody of any document—so constructed, indeed, that nothing but the plan Mr. Hodgkins had now followed could have succeeded in finding it. But the labour was in vain. The cavity was empty. The joiner proceeded to saw asunder every separate piece of the whole wardrobe, but no other cavity was discovered in it. The question, then, still remained to be answered—where is the will?

All scent was now lost. Mr. Hodgkins saw no means of further investigation.—There was no clue by which it could be commenced. But Mr. Hodgkins was one of those shrewd and searching persons, who are more eager to pursue an object when they see least signs of attaining it. His curiosity had been excited by the examination of the wardrobe, and he resolved to pay a visit to the house where Mrs. Nixon had spent her last days. It was a cottage belonging to herself, about a mile on the other side of Fivefields. She would never live in her own house after the fire. In the cottage there had lived with her an old woman of the name of Thompson, who had an almost idiot-daughter. These persons still dwelt in the same cottage, and when Mr. Hodgkins arrived, Mrs. Thompson was spinning in the chimney corner. It was in the dusk of the evening, when the farmer had time to withdraw himself from his own industrious avocations. The fire twinkled in the grate, and showed by its uncertain light the poor



foolish girl staring at her mother, and mimicking her actions with mischievous pertinacity, while, at every interval, when she conceived the imitation was particularly exact, she uttered a sound of exultation between a croak and a chuckle—something like the noise of a hen, when she is seeking or enjoying her food.

He then inquired of Mrs. Thompson if she had any of Mrs. Nixon's letters, that might probably communicate some information. She said she had a small wooden box with a slide lid, which was full of letters that had belonged to Mrs. Nixon. She produced the box, and Mr. Hodgkins proceeded to examine them. About half of them were mere letters of ceremony between Mrs. Nixon and an old friend of hers, a General Fairfax, who had been one of her admirers in her youth. These letters, however, Mr. Hodgkins read through with most praiseworthy industry. In one of them the general observed, "I thank you, my dear madam, for the kindness with which you have been pleased to remember me in your will. I have done the same by you, but I hope neither of us will survive to think of the dying moments of the other; at least this is my prayer, and my Amelia is not what she was in her youth, if she would not pray the same." This was a most tantalising piece of information. General Fairfax was dead, and the whole correspondence on both sides was in the box, (Mrs. Nixon's share of it had doubtless been returned after his death,) but the probability was that Mrs. Nixon said nothing in her letter about the will but what concerned the general himself. On looking further, Mr. Hodgkins discovered the actual letter from Mrs. Nixon. She merely stated that she had left the general £2000. in case of her decease before him; and if he died first, the money was to come to her heir at law, who would inherit the greater part of her property. As Mrs. Nixon had no known near relations when she died, the question, who was the heir at law, was as much in the dark as ever. The remaining contents of the box were of no importance till Mr. Hodgkins opened a copy-letter, the only one in the collection, in the hand-writing of Mrs. Nixon herself. After a quantity of common-place compliments, inquiries after health, thanks for presents, and hopes of speedy visits, the good old lady proceeded:—"I have adopted your advice respecting my will. I have had a place made in a particular piece of furniture which I will mention to you when you come and see me, wherein I will have my last testament shut up, so that none but you and another who will be in the secret shall be able to find it. I shall leave such signs in my apartment before my death, wherever that apartment may be, as will inform you where you may

find the will, if I should die before you visit me." This was important. Mr. Hodgkins immediately requested to be shown into the apartment which Mrs. Nixon had used as a sitting room. He examined the chairs, the tables, the bed, the window, and, lastly, the floor. There was not the slightest indication of any sign or mark in the room. There were a few common prints on the walls.—These Mr. Hodgkins had forgotten to look at narrowly; but when all other research had failed, he turned his attention to them. He found nothing in the prints that had the slightest allusion to wills, documents, or signs. Mr. Hodgkins now called to mind that he had not quite read through the copy-letter which he had found in the collection. He took it from his pocket-book, where he had placed it as an important relic, and read further. After the conclusion of the letter, there was the following postscript: "I shall send you the will to read before I enclose it in the pannel." Mr. Hodgkins conceived he had now discovered the will for a certainty, and that it must be in the hands of the friend in question. He turned the letter round that he might know the address—alas! the back of the sheet was blank. Mrs. Nixon had forgotten to copy the address, or perhaps designedly omitted it as unnecessary. Here, then, there was really an end to all direct investigation. The only remaining plan was to advertise for the will, stating the circumstances under which it was missing. This expedient was pursued for many months with no useful result. All idea of an heir being discovered was relinquished, and the crown took conditional possession of the property.

A few years had passed away, and no tidings of the will. Mr. Hodgkins happened to be in London on business of his own, and on an idle day strolled into the court-house called Justice-hall in the Old Bailey. The court was crowded, as it was understood that a man of considerable ability was to be tried for an extensive forgery. Mr. Hodgkins forced his way into the body of the court, heard the trial commenced, felt interested with some singular circumstances respecting the forgery, and resolved to remain till the whole proceeding was concluded. The forgery appeared to be fully proved. The prisoner, however, in his address in defence for some time seemed to stagger the faith of the jury. He was a thin, tall, emaciated-looking person, with a dark countenance, a piercing eye, and commanding features; and his eloquence, while it affected every person present, seemed to have the effect of restoring him to vigorous life, to which, from starvation, or wasting away from long-continued mental agony, he appeared to have been for years a stranger. All who heard him were conscious of his in-

nocence, till in a moment an awful and heart-rending change terribly informed them that the story he had been telling was a fiction. "Gentlemen of the Jury, he continued, "what I have said to you might be considered as sufficient to convince you of my never having committed the crime of which I am accused. It would be sufficient, but it shall not. I am weary of a life of profligacy and misery, of suffering and crime.—Gentlemen I did commit the crime they charge me with. I have been for twenty years a practised, hardened, malicious, unfeeling villain. Twenty years ago I abandoned my wife with her child to the mercy of the world. I ran through a course of debauchery in every quarter of the globe. At last, without money, which I had squandered; without friends, every one of whom I had robbed, and laughed at when I saw them horrified at my ingratitude, for my support, I became an associate of the worst of swindlers; from that I joined banditti; I was alternately a pickpocket and a ravisher, a pirate and a murderer. I acquired property, and power over my copartners in iniquity. I might have lived to repent of all my wickedness, and to have my seared heart honoured in the decline of my miserable years; but I became a character, the existence of which has been doubted. I became a criminal from the mere habits of criminality.

"Almost every crime I have committed *has received* its punishment, but the punishment fell on the innocent; my progress to the lowest depth of the deepest vices, was cheered onward by the blood of countless executions. It is needless to detain you, gentlemen; you must find me guilty, and ought to do so. I shall not die by the scaffold; I am dying now. The abominations of my course have brought it rapidly to a conclusion—I am dying, and I know it. I feel that I make this confession of my deeds of evil only because I am about to perish, I feel that had I lived, I should never have confessed or repented. Reason told me to do this, but the channel of my life has been worn by a torrent which must run to the end as it has shaped its way. One act I must relate, and I have done. I must relate it in justice to those whom I have injured. I intercepted and destroyed the will of my own mother, by which she had bequeathed nearly all her property to myself. Could the mind of man outstrip me in the race of crime? She knew of this—she made another will. By private access to her house I saw her conceal it in the door of a wardrobe. I burnt her house to the ground to get the second will—I cared not if the parent that bore me had perished in flames of my own raising, had I but succeeded in the purpose of my heart. I was foiled. A dog defeated me. But I obtained access by secret

means to the place where the wardrobe was deposited. I caused another door to be made exactly like that in which the will was concealed, with a cavity like that which contained it; I carried off the second will in triumph, and my mother died in the belief that that will was not to be found by the unhallowed hand of her unnatural offspring. That will is yet in existence. I was about to commit it to destruction when the officers of justice apprehended me. I was at first grieved that I had spared it; but now the steeled and growing malice of my heart makes me rejoice that it was not consumed, for it will serve to show more prominently the miseries of mortality—it will create more misery—it will cause the world to point at the wretch who inherits what she cannot enjoy, and say there is the heir of Mrs. Nixon's property—there is the idiot daughter of the monster Nixon!"

Thus concluded this unparalleled criminal, who seemed to have a new delight, every moment, in the recollection of his guilty deeds. It is impossible to describe the astonishment of Mr. Hodgkins at this singular speech, and at the discoveries it made on the affair which had been so long the subject of his anxiety and research. He repaired as speedily as possible to the cell of Nixon himself. The awful sentence of the law, which had been passed on him previous to his being removed from the bar, had not altered him. The same paleness—the same piercing eyes were there. A surgeon was present, who observed that there were small hopes for him in this world. He was dying of consumption. He was sitting on the poor prison bed where he had been reposing before the surgeon entered. He gave a look of terrible inquiry, when Mr. Hodgkins made his appearance. His eyes were even more powerful than they had been at the place of trial. Like an intense fire which has been kindled in some frail vessel, they seemed to have consumed what contained them, and yet burned on. They glowed with enmity to the whole human race. When Mr. Hodgkins introduced himself, "Ay," said Nixon, "I know you; I remember you when you entered my mother's chamber, where I was trying to obtain her will; I remember you well; had it not been for the dog that rushed on me, had you come alone into that chamber, I should have murdered you. My whole soul is evil; and it is always more or less the common fate of evil doers." He continued to rave for some time in this manner until he became exhausted. The surgeon thought he was dead; but raising himself again and seizing the upper part of the bed frame, he uttered a shrill and dreadful shriek, and expired!

Mr. Hodgkins felt as if his heart should have broken. He had been labouring,



then, to procure a large fortune to an idiot who could not enjoy it, who would be truly what Nixon had prophesied—an object of pity to all around her, an example of hopeless misery surrounded by the means of happiness, without having the power even of touching them. Yet he felt that having proceeded so far, it was his duty to go through with the affair. As soon as he had arranged with the persons present respecting the burial of Nixon, he went in search of the house in which that man had lodged when he was apprehended. He understood that it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane. By the assistance of a watchman he traced the poor wretch's progress from one lodging to another, every one more miserable than the former.

His abode was at last found. It was up two flights of stairs, in a house which was a scene of uproar from the foundation to the roof. Men and women drunk and sober, in and out of bed, were heard bawling, screaming, blaspheming, tossing about of pots and glasses, pummelling each other, dancing, and contending with sticks, chairs, tables, and every thing on which they could lay their hands. It was with fear and trembling that Mr. Hodgkins, though naturally a brave man, walked up the creaking staircase. The watchman, who preceded him, knocked when they reached the door to which they had been directed. A voice from within asked who knocked. The reply was "Charley." "Who's that with you Charley?" "No hawk," said Charley, "only a cuckoo," (meaning that he was not come to search or pounce on any person, but was perfectly harmless.) The door was opened. The room was full of motely personages. On the table stood bottles and pots containing gin and beer, and the floor was covered with broken pipes, glasses, and nauseous liquefaction of every kind. Mr. Hodgkins asked if Mr. Nixon had lodged there? "Ay, master," said a portly great-coated gentleman, who might easily be guessed to be a besotted hackney coachman—"Ay, master: he lodged here, and a good cut and thirst sort of man he was. Mayhap you know how he is now; we have just been drinking his health." This remark struck awfully on the recollection of Mr. Hodgkins, and he replied in a tone which showed what he felt, that Nixon had died the night before in prison. Besotted, reckless, unthinking, and wicked in every way, as they certainly were, these, his late companions, were momentarily horror-struck with this intelligence. There was some appearance of feeling amongst them. It was a flash of sensibility which came and vanished, and the next moment they talked, sang, and acted in every way as if no such man as Nixon had ever existed.

Mr Hodgkins' business was to get Mrs Nixon's will, but he felt considerable difficulty in commencing an inquiry respecting any of Nixon's effects, lest the more anxious he showed himself to possess them, the more eager they should be to keep them from him, under the idea that they were of great value. Mr H.'s suspense was soon over, however, by a squat fellow with a wooden leg hobbling up to him, and inquiring what was his business. "I ask this," continued the man, "because I am constituted chief examiner of new comers, and I ask it more particularly for your sake, for if you are not seen to be here upon any ostensible business they will take you for a spy, and the pump, the blanket, or worse, will be your reward." Mr H. lost no time, on receiving this pleasant piece of information, in informing the official wooden leg of the precise object of his being amongst so extraordinary a crew.—"Gad! I wish the will may be in existence," said he, "Nixon's *legacy* was divided amongst us, and I know not who got the parchments." The word "*legacy*" here was meant to signify not what Nixon had left behind him altogether, which, amongst such "*free souls*!" was always reckoned equivalent to direct bequest:—"Brethren in arts and arms," exclaimed the little man, "this gentleman comes amongst us to seek that filthy document of the law called a will, which was in the possession of the late *eminent* Mr. Nixon. Now, as we never use such documents—as, according to the precept we have religiously, "all things in common"—as *all* we leave is left to those we leave, I should hope there would be no objection to give up the remnant of barbarism, which this Mr —, what's your name, sir? Hodg—Hodg—Hogskin seeks—Hogskin seeking sheep skin—very appropriate, truly." A murmur of applause at this concluding attempt at a pun, was succeeded by a tall Irishman's stepping up and addressing Mr. Hodgkins. He was a red-faced, jolly-looking soul. The only defect about him was, that he had but half a hat upon his head, and there was a marvellous defect in the knee of one leg of his leather breeches:—"Look ye, sir, I'm very glad to see you—will you (*hiccup*) take a gl-gl-glass with me, sir? The will descended to me by right of succession, and it is now at the undertaker's. By J—s I thought to have mended my leather breeches with it—if a friend had not stepped in and volunteered his services to change my skin for me." Mr. H. discovered that the undertaker's was the tailor's, and after much entreaty the Irishman was prevailed on to go with him to try to recover the will from the desperate shears which have so often rioted on the most valuable relics of antiquity. Taking a short black pipe from the table, lighting it, and placing

it in his mouth, and seizing a tremendous shillelah from a corner of the room, the valiant O'Coulter strode on before M. Hodgkins and the watchman, with a hauteur which nothing but the half-hat and the open knee turned into ridicule.

The tailor's shop was soon seen in the distance, and the gigantic O'Coulter took care to point it out as soon as it was well visible.—They proceeded into the work-room above the shop, where they found a solitary individual at work, while nine or ten were tossing off small glasses of gin (or *jackey*) out of a big-bellied bottle that would hold half a gallon at least. The work they had abandoned was lying upon the board ready to be resumed, perhaps as soon as they began to feel their fingers a little less capable of performing it. On the same board lay a collection of parchments, which one of the toppers had been clipping;—the shears were sticking in one thick fold of parchment which had been half-cut through and laid aside for the glass. Mr Hodgkins eagerly seized the fold, opened it, and found *the long lost will of Mrs Nixon!* He speedily rewarded the watchman, gave the tailors more means of drunkenness for the lucky fit of drunkenness that had left the shears sticking in the will, and bade an eternal farewell to O'Coulter.

As soon as he could well get into a private apartment, he pulled out the will as eager to peruse it as an antiquary to decipher a manuscript 3000 years old. Alas! he had none of the joy in the anticipated perusal that he experienced when his first search for the document occurred. He knew the end of it. The words, "the idiot daughter of the monster Nixon," were yet too forcibly imprinted on his recollection. There was some pleasure, however, though a melancholy one, in discovering the motives for all the mystery and concealment Mrs Nixon had employed with regard to her testament. After the usual preliminaries, the old lady continued as follows:—"My son is my heir. My feelings towards him would incline me to leave him nothing; but in case he should act as becomes a child of mine, he will be my heir; and, oh! may the property I leave him be worthily employed. He has already, in a most diabolical manner seized and destroyed the will I had made, constituting him almost the sole heir of all my possessions. For this reason I do set down and indite this condition, viz.: if he should get possession of this will before my death, he shall on no account inherit any thing which otherwise belongs to him, but the whole of my possessions, with the exception of the small legacies under-mentioned, shall go to his daughter, Amelia Nixon, if she be then alive—if not, the property shall be enjoyed by my good and only surviving friend, General Fairfax, in addition to the

£2000 I left him by the former will, with the contents of which I made him acquainted. If, on the contrary, my son's malignant spirit of insatiable mischief should not prompt him to search for and destroy this my second will, he shall inherit all I die possessed of, with the above named exceptions; and he shall, if he concur with me in the arrangement, leave the property at his death as I have specified for its disposal, on the other supposition of his searching for this will and destroying it. My son may perhaps destroy the will, and claim the property as heir at law; but I have secured the property against attack on this side by my good friend the general, who is empowered by me to leave to his heir (whether he die before or after me) a description of my will and its place of concealment, with instructions, that immediately after my death the general's heir may look for my will, a copy of which the general will insert in his own, and that if it be gone, or if my son have taken it away without witnesses, the conditions herein mentioned shall be fulfilled.—I have requested General Fairfax to describe certain conditions under which my will may be discovered. If I die before him, he will personally communicate these conditions—if not, they will be found in the copy of his will intended for his heir, in that alone, and not in any other copy of it whatever. My son's wife unfortunately perished by sea in her voyage from Malta, after a fruitless pursuit of her husband, and I immediately placed her daughter under Mrs Thompson, with whom she has lived in comfort, and in that degree of happiness which she can best enjoy."

Mr. H. instantly saw why Nixon had made no use of the will he had obtained. Had he wished to seize his mother's property, General Fairfax, or his heir, would doubtless have entered into a complete examination of the mode of his obtaining the will, and he knowing nothing of the series of contrivances whereby it was to be discovered, would have been known to have stolen the will, and could neither have enjoyed nor willed the property.—Why he had not destroyed the will with the same malignity that caused him to destroy the first, was a question not so easily answered. Perhaps some contrivance of deeper malignity than the mere destruction of the document had lingered in his mind from the time of his seizing it.

Moro, Duke of Milan, having displayed before the foreign Ambassadors his magnificence and his riches, which excelled those of every other Prince, said to them "Has a man, possessed of so much wealth and prosperity, any thing to desire in this world?" "One thing only," said one of them,—"a nail to fix the wheel of Fortune."



## THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

### ANTIQUITIES OF EGYPT.

THE antiquities of Egypt have in all ages been thought a proper subject of attention; and the acquisitions, scientific and literary, of voyagers, in their several expeditions in the interior, with the particular details of the observations they have made and collected, are likely to become of much future consequence. Among other useful notes in a work lately published, containing the modern geography, and exhibiting views of the pristine state of Egypt, some short account has been given relative to the island of Philæ.

It is situated on the confines of Nubia, beyond the last cataract, about two leagues above Syene, and fourteen on this side the tropic. As it is one of the principal points of Egypt, it has numerous remains that serve to show its quondam importance. The Egyptian priests appear to have a just sense of its position, and under the Pharaohs, in the time of their national power and prosperity, in the case of Philæ, were for making political interest and religion compatible and subservient to each other. It was one of the gates of Egypt, and they exerted their skill and policy in acquiring superior strength for the island, in proportion to the means it possessed. Egypt was surrounded on three sides by the Mediterranean and by Deserts; and, till the invasion of Nebuchadnezzar, the arts and operations of war were most liable to be called forth and employed on the side of Nubia. It was from this circumstance, in a great measure, that the island attained to its grandeur. The priests would have it considered as the depository of the tomb of Osiris: and, by thus holding it up to public veneration, placed it under the safeguard of the citizens. Philæ became an object of pilgrimage, and its public works were such as to gain the admiration of other nations. Among the four temples of Philæ, one has much engaged attention, from its having been constructed of materials still more ancient; its stones, hieroglyphics, and colours, appear to be twice as old as the temple: so that the mind is filled with wonder, and the imagination entertained, while computing the reputation which such works must have obtained, and their successive value, traceable to the origin of arts, and the earliest era of civilization. Within the compass of a very small territory, the number of columns, obelisks, walls, &c. show how the activity and industry of that wise state and nation were occupied. Philæ is embosomed on all sides in granite rocks, so that it forms a natural fortification.

The ruins of Ombos present an appearance of unbounded desolation: scarcely any vestiges remain of the ancient Egyptian city. From its situation, at the entrance of a valley which leads to the Desert, it has no shelter against the encroaching sands, from the natural rampart of the Arabic chain. The Arab village that succeeded to the ancient Ombos was so endangered, that the inhabitants have deserted it. In this remote quarter, it is rare to find any visible signs of a living creature. On the sands may yet be seen the remains of two Egyptian temples, surrounded with a vast brick wall. The largest has two porticoes, and in its breadth is divided into two equal parts. Of this double distribution, no similar example exists, either in this country or in the whole range of ancient architecture. These ruins bear also the marks of fire; besides which, the Nile has invaded the flanks of the wall, and carried away a portion of the little temple. Ombos was not always so near the bank; it was formerly inundated by a canal. But the current, inclining eastward, so expanded the canal, that it now forms the principal channel of the river, and a large piece of land has been transformed into an island. In those times, on the rising of the Nile, crocodiles came up to the vicinity. By the inhabitants this was deemed a presage and emblem of the inundation: their image was sculptured in the temples, and Osiris was figured with a crocodile's head. At Denderah this animal was held in abhorrence, and hence the aversion subsisting between the inhabitants respectively.

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts still attend. **BROOKS.**

### AN ITALIAN TRAGEDY.

A RECENT traveller relates, that a favourite dramatic piece in the towns of the Genoese territory is founded on the following tragic story:—A few years since, there lived at Port Maurice, near Oneglia, two lovers, named Anna and Giuseppe, the children of widows in good circumstances, the former eighteen, and the latter twenty years of age. The parents had given their consent to their union, and the wedding-day was soon to be fixed; when, during a short absence of Giuseppe, probably brought about by artful contrivance, an intriguing friend of the family prevailed on the mother of the bride to give her daughter to a more wealthy lover. Anna, overcome by maternal importunity did what she had not firmness enough to refuse to do, and pro-

mised to bestow her hand on a man for whom she had no affection. Grief however, soon undermined her health, and, by way of amusement, she was sent into the mountains to the olive harvest. Her mother also went to see some relations in the country, and an elder sister only was left at home.

Anna, nevertheless, grew worse: nay, she was so ill, that her friends, alarmed for her life, sent her back to her mother's house. Meanwhile, Giuseppe had returned, and the report of Anna's intended compulsory marriage soon reached his ears. On the following Sunday he met her sister at mass, and, with the urgency, yet with the resignation of despair, he implored her to procure him a last interview with his beloved. They agreed that he should find Anna in the garden in the evening, by moonlight, while the only guardian domestic, an old sailor, was at the public-house.

At the appointed time, Giuseppe was in the garden, and there he found his Anna. Weak, melancholy, and silent, she went up to him with faltering steps; but in vain he questioned her; in vain he endeavoured to draw from her the acknowledgment that she still loved him, and acted by compulsion; not a word could he elicit—mute, pale, and motionless, she stood like a beauteous statue before him. At length he clasped the adored object in an ardent embrace, during which he buried a poniard in her heart. She fell without a groan. The murderer hastily fled over the wall of the garden. The sister alarmed at Anna's protracted absence went out into the garden, where she found her lifeless in her blood, and, with the assistance of the old sailor, who had returned too late, carried her into the house.

The wretched assassin, impelled by savage frenzy, after strolling about all night, again scaled the wall of the garden, where he no longer found his Anna, but only her blood, which he was busily employed in wiping up with his handkerchief; when the mother, ignorant of what had happened, returned early in the morning from the *villegiatura*, accompanied by the friend who was the cause of the catastrophe, and, unlocking the gate, entered the garden. The frantic Giuseppe ran to meet her, and, holding the bloody handkerchief close to her face, wildly cried, "Conosci tu quel sangue?" (Do you know that blood?) The mother rushed with a fearful presentiment into the house, where the first object that met her view was the corpse of her murdered child. The maniac again fled to the caverns of the neighbouring mountains.

The corpse was decorated after the Italian fashion, crowned with a garland of myrtle, and deposited the night before the funeral in an open coffin in the church before the high altar. Here a person was

placed to watch it by the light of consecrated tapers. About midnight the assassin suddenly forced his way into the church: the affrighted watchman ran off, but stopped at a distance to observe his motions, and beheld the unfortunate Giuseppe covering the remains of her whom he had murdered from affection, with a thousand kisses and burning tears; after which, with the rapidity of lightning, he dispatched himself by several pistol-shots, and fell lifeless on the corpse of his beloved victim. The unhappy mother went raving mad. During her insanity, she frequently exclaimed, "Conosci tu quel sangue?" and soon sunk into a premature grave.

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## BIOGRAPHY.

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The proper study of mankind is man.

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### BENAVIDES, THE PIRATE.

THE history of Benavides is curious. He was a native of Conception Island, and served for some time in the Chilian army, from which he deserted to the Royalists, but was retaken at the battle of Maypo in 1818. He was of a ferocious character, and as, in addition to the crime of desertion, he had committed several murders; he was sentenced to death, along with his brother, and other delinquents. Accordingly, the whole party were brought forth in the Plaza of Santiago and shot. Benavides, who, though terribly wounded, was not killed, had sufficient fortitude to feign himself dead. The bodies being dragged off, were left without burial to be destroyed by the gallinagos, a species of vulture. The sergeant who superintended this last part of the ceremony was personally inimical to Benavides, for murdering some of his relations; and to gratify his revenge, drew his sword, and while they were dragging the body of his foe to the pile, gave it a severe gash across the neck. The resolute Benavides bore this also without flinching, and lay like a dead man amongst others, until it became dark; he then contrived to extricate himself from the heap, and in a most miserable plight crawled to a neighbouring cottage, the generous inhabitants of which received and attended him with the greatest care.

General San Martin, who was at that time planning the expedition to Peru, and was looking for able and enterprising men, heard of Benavides being still alive; and knowing his talents and courage, considered him a fit person to serve some of his desperate purposes in those trying times, when, to gain the great object in view, there was little scrupulousness about the means. It is said that the bold ruffian himself gave in-



formation of his being alive, and invited San Martin to hold a secret conference at midnight, in the centre of the great square of Santiago. The appointed signal was to strike fire from their flints three times; a mark sufficiently conspicuous for the purpose of distinction, yet of a nature calculated to excite no suspicion. San Martin accordingly alone and provided with a brace of pistols, went to the spot, where he encountered Benavides similarly armed. After a long conference with the desperado, whom he finally engaged in his service, he settled that Benavides should, for the present, serve in the Chillian army, employed against the Arancanian Indians in the south, but should be ready to join the army in Peru, when the expedition sailed. This was ill-judged in San Martin; for Benavides soon quarrelled with the Chillian general, and once more changed sides, offering his services to the Indians, who were delighted to obtain so brave and unrelenting an associate. In a short time, his experience and congenial ferocity gave him so great an ascendancy among this warlike race, that he was elected commander-in-chief.

In this capacity he took various ships and the crews prisoners; for Benavides, though unquestionably a ferocious savage, was, nevertheless, a man of resource, full of activity, and of considerable energy of character. He converted the whale spears and harpoons into lances for his cavalry, and halberds for his sergeants: the carpenters he set to building baggage carts, and repairing his boats; the armourers he kept perpetually at work, mending muskets, and making pikes. He treated the officers too (prisoners) not unkindly; he allowed them to live in his house, and was very anxious, on all occasions, to have their advice respecting the equipment of his troops. On an occasion, when walking with the captain of the *Herselia*, he remarked that his army was now almost complete in every thing, except in one essential particular; and it cut him, he said, to the soul, to think of such a deficiency: he had no trumpets for the cavalry; and added, that it was utterly impossible to make the fellows believe themselves dragoons, unless they heard a blast in their ears at every turn; and neither men nor horses would ever do their duty properly, if not roused by the sound of a trumpet; in short, he declared that some device must be hit on to supply this equipment. The captain, willing to ingratiate himself with the pirate, and after a little reflection, suggested to him, that trumpets might easily be made out of the copper sheets nailed on the bottom of the ships he had taken. Very true, cried the delighted chief; how came I not to think of that before? Instantly all hands were employed in ripping off the copper, and the

armourers being set to work under his personal superintendence, the whole camp, before night, resounded with the warlike blasts of the cavalry. The captain of the ship, who had given him the brilliant idea of the copper trumpets, had, by these means, so far won his good will and confidence, as to be allowed a considerable range to walk in. He, of course, was always looking out for some plan of escape; and at length an opportunity occurring, he, with the mate of the *Ocean*, and nine of his own crew, seized two whale boats, imprudently left on the banks of the river, and rowed off. Before quitting the shore, they took the precaution of staving all the other boats, to prevent pursuit, and, accordingly, though their escape was immediately discovered, they succeeded in getting so much the start of the people whom Benavides sent after them, that they reached St. Mary's Island in safety.

This astonishing man was at last taken, and met with the reward, which, sooner or later must follow the deeds of blood which men of his nature commit. In pursuance to sentence passed on the 21st of February, 1822, he was dragged from the prison, in a pannier tied to the tail of a mule, and was hanged in the great square. His head and hands were afterwards cut off, in order to their being placed on high poles, to point out the places of his horrid crimes, Sana, Juana, Tarpellanca and Aranco.

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## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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— Science has sought on weary wing.  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

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### CHEMICAL SCIENCE.

**ANIMAL KINGDOM.**—The various bodies around us, which form the objects of chemical research, have all undergone a number of combinations and decompositions before we take them in hand for examination. These are all consequences of the same attractions or specific properties that we avail ourselves of, and are modified likewise by virtue of the situations and temperatures of the bodies presented to each other. In the great mass of unorganized matter, the combinations appear to be much more simple than such as take place in the vessels of organized beings, namely, plants and animals: in the former of which there is not any peculiar structure of tubes conveying various fluids; and in the latter there is not only an elaborate system of vessels, but likewise, for the most part, an augmentation of temperature. From such causes as these it is, that some of the substances afforded by animal bodies are never found either in vegetables or minerals; and so likewise in ve-

getables are found certain products never unequivocally met with among minerals. Hence, among the systematical arrangements used by chemists, the most general is that which divides bodies into three kingdoms, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral.

Animal, as well as vegetable bodies, may be considered as peculiar apparatus for carrying on a determinate series of chemical operations. Vegetables seem capable of operating with fluids only, and at the temperature of the atmosphere. But most animals have a provision for mechanically dividing solids by mastication, which answers the same purpose as grinding, pounding, or levigation, does in our experiments; that is to say, it enlarges the quantity of surface to be acted on by solvents. The process carried on in the stomach appears to be of the same kind as that which we distinguish by the name of digestion; and the bowels, whatever other uses they may serve, evidently form an apparatus for filtering or conveying off the fluids; while the more solid parts of the aliments, which are probably of such a nature as not to be rendered fluid, but by an alteration which would perhaps destroy the texture of the machine itself, are rejected as useless. When this filtered fluid passes into the circulatory vessels, through which it is driven with considerable velocity by the mechanical action of the heart, it is subjected, not only to all those changes which the chemical action of its parts is capable of producing, but is likewise exposed to the air of the atmosphere in the lungs, into which that elastic fluid is admitted by the act of respiration. Here it undergoes a change of the same nature as happens to other combustible bodies when they combine with its vital part, or oxygen. This vital part becomes condensed, and combines with the blood, at the same time that it gives out a large quantity of heat, in consequence of its own capacity for heat being diminished. A small portion of azote likewise is absorbed, and carbonic acid is given out. Some curious experiments of Spallanzani shew that the lungs are not the sole organs by which these changes are effected. Worms, insects, shells of land and sea animals, egg shells, fishes, dead animals, and parts of animals, even after they have become putrid, are capable of absorbing oxygen from the air, and giving out carbonic acid. They deprive atmospheric air of its oxygen as completely as phosphorus. Shells, however, lose this property when their organization is destroyed by age. Amphibia, deprived of their lungs, live much longer in the open air, than others in air destitute of oxygen. It is remarkable, that a larva, weighing a few grains, would consume almost as much oxygen in

a given time as one of the amphibia a thousand times its bulk. Fishes, alive and dead, animals, and parts of animals, confined under water in jars, absorb the oxygen of the atmospheric air over the water. Muscles, tendons, bones, brain, fat, and blood, all absorb oxygen in different proportions, but the blood does not absorb most; and bile appears not to absorb any.

It would lead us too far from our purpose if we were to attempt an explanation of the little we know respecting the manner in which the secretions or combinations that produce the various animal and vegetable substances are effected, or the uses of those substances in the economy of plants and animals. Most of them are very different from any of the products of the mineral kingdom. We shall, therefore, only add, that these organized beings are so contrived, that their existence continues, and all their functions are performed, as long as the vessels are supplied with food or materials to occupy the place of such as are carried off by evaporation from the surface, or otherwise, and as long as no great change is made, either by violence or disease, in those vessels, or the fluids they contain. But as soon as the entire process is interrupted in any very considerable degree, the chemical arrangements become altered, the temperature in land animals is changed, the minute vessels are acted on and destroyed, life ceases, and the admirable structure, being no longer sufficiently perfect, loses its figure, and returns, by new combinations and decompositions, to the general mass of unorganized matter, with a rapidity which is usually greater the more elaborate its construction.

Animal and vegetable substances approach each other by insensible gradations; so that there is no simple product of the one which may not be found in greater or less quantity in the other. The most general distinctive character of animal substances is that of affording volatile alkali by destructive distillation. Some plants, however, afford it likewise. Neither contain it ready formed; but it appears to be produced by the combination of hydrogen and azote, during the changes produced either by fire, or by the putrefactive process.

When animal substances are left exposed to the air, or immersed in water or other fluids, they suffer a spontaneous change, which is more or less rapid according to circumstances. The spontaneous change of organized bodies is distinguished by the name of fermentation. In vegetable bodies there are distinct stages or periods of this process, which have been divided into the vinous, acetous, and putrefactive fermentations. Animal substances are susceptible only of the two latter, during which, as in



all other spontaneous changes, the combinations of chemical principles become in general more and more simple. There is no doubt but much instruction might be obtained from accurate observations of the putrefactive processes in all their several varieties and situations; but the loathsomeness and danger attending on such inquiries has hitherto greatly retarded our progress in this department of chemical science.

### LITERATURE.

*Pains of the Imagination; a poem read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Dartmouth College, Aug. 19th, 1824.* By Nathaniel H. Carter.

WE have twice read this poem, and derived undiminished pleasure from the second perusal. With the many who know and esteem the intellectual and moral worth of the author, we were confident that a literary production from his pen would bear the impress of mind; and to convince our readers that friendship has not in this instance interfered with judgment, we have only to recommend the poem itself to their perusal.

Mr. Carter has chosen a subject of high interest for his anniversary exercise, the excursions of fancy over her wild, gloomy, and appalling scenes. Her bright and joyous flights are more pleasing, but less powerful in chaining the attention, for this reason, that pain is more exciting and more impressive than pleasure, and *cæteris paribus*, the former will always conquer the latter. Such is the peculiar constitution of the mind, that it seems disposed to encourage affliction in her contest with joy. The heart often wilfully shakes off the pleasures which it might attract to wreath itself with sorrows which it might repel. To inquire *why* this is, belongs to the metaphysician; to paint *how* this is done, is the province of the poet. Mr. Carter has undertaken the latter task, and has acquitted himself with honour to his own talents, and with credit to the most distinguished literary association in our country, the Phi Beta Kappa.

The poem commences with an appropriate invocation to the Genius of Melancholy. The numerous causes of this mental cloud are discussed towards the close; they are deeply rooted in the nature of things and in the disposition of man. Were we permitted to offer a definition of melancholy, we should call

it that state of mind which arises from a comparison between things as they are and things as they ought to be. If the heart could be impressed with a conviction of the principle advanced by Pope, that "whatever is, is right," but few causes would remain to darken the light of mind. To ask why affliction has been created the handmaid of virtue; why honour has been wedded to adversity and chained down in the valley of life; why fraud, folly, and meanness, have been attended by power and exaltation, and why depravity rides upon the hills in the golden car of prosperity, would be to scrutinize the mysteries of the Eternal, which baffle the strongest exertions of human reason. Yet, knowing that such things are, and feeling that, so far as the present is concerned, they are not right, melancholy is the natural consequence of observation and reflection. But let the mind take a wider range and consider the eternity of existence; there, man may discover

"All discord, harmony not understood,  
All partial evil, universal good;"

connecting the past, the present, and the future, and forming one great unbroken chain of events, he may learn to believe that all things are for the best, though he cannot understand why they should be ordered as they are. On this subject faith is triumphant over reason. The following extracts from Mr. Carter's poem are in confirmation of our remarks.

What contradictions in our beings jar,  
Mysterious contrasts, elemental war!  
The soul ethereal, image of its God,  
Chained to the grossness of an earthly clod;  
Powers that to glory's heights aerial climb,  
Spurn at control, and conquer space and time,  
Blended with weakness, which degrades the man  
To childhood's wants, and mocks each generous plan;  
Frailties that cloud the bright celestial spark,  
And leave its prison cheerless, bleak, and dark;  
Passions for high and godlike objects born,  
Or prone to baseness, infamy, and scorn;  
Affections pure as seraph bosoms swell,  
Or fierce as rend the raging fiends of hell.

Grant that all moral evil may arise,  
Alike for purposes both good and wise;  
That pain and sickness, penury and distress,  
Are mercies in disguise, design'd to bless;  
To blinded man unreal wrong appears,  
When vice exults, and virtue pines in tears;  
That all the scourges earth is doom'd to feel,  
The conqueror's sword, th' assassin's gory steel,  
War, pestilence, and famine's shrivell'd band,  
Fell Discord's torch, the incendiary's brand,  
Power's blood-stain'd robe, the proud oppressor's red,  
May turn to blessings in the hand of God.

Even death itself, the last of human woes,  
May kindly come, life's weary way to close,  
And ope the portals to eternal joys,  
While earth's frail hopes his withering hand destroys.

So, holy Faith, bright spirit of the sky,  
Fixes on heaven her meek, uplifted eye,  
Her own blind will to chasten humbly learns,  
Some just design in weal or woe discerns;  
Subjects to Providence rebellious pride,  
And bids vain men in God alone confide.  
Clear is the light her vision sheds around,  
No schemes perplex, no mysteries confound;  
In all she sees, celestial wisdom blends,  
And present ill in future blessing ends;  
Judgment and mercy in her trials meet,  
And every wish lies prostrate at her feet.

In these extracts sound philosophy and just faith are perspicuous.

The musings of a contemplative spirit are always tinged with sadness. Day dawn is the hour of cheerful anticipation—noon, of action—evening of reflection: whether this reflection be upon the brightness or the gloom of the past, it is always melancholy in its character. It is a beautiful saying of Lord Byron, that

"Joy's recollection is no longer joy,  
While sorrow's memory is a sorrow still."

Those who are capable of enjoying that contemplation which rises with the setting sun, tell us that it not only muses on the past, but that it throws a sadness over its associations with the present, and imparts a sombre hue to the visions of the future. Such minds will recognise what they have often felt, in the following extract.

Oh! who hath not, in melancholy mood,  
Musing at eve, in some sequestered wood,  
Or where the torrent's foaming waters pour,  
Or ocean's billows murmur on the shore:—  
Oh! who hath not, in such a moment gaz'd,  
As heaven's bright hosts in cloudless glory blaz'd,  
And felt a sadness steal upon his heart,  
To think that he with this fair scene must part!  
That while those billows heave, those waters flow,  
Those garnish'd skies refulgent still shall glow,  
He, that once watch'd them, shall have pass'd away,  
His name forgot, his ashes blent with clay,  
Unlike those glittering orbs, those quenchless fires,  
Ordain'd to roll, till time itself expires!

In the ensuing lines there is a force and dignity of description, well sustained to the end; the sleep of the "infant thunders, pillowed in clouds," is an image fraught with the soul of poetry.

Lo! where the horizon mingles with the deep,  
Pillowed in clouds, the infant thunders sleep;  
Silence and night precede the coming storm,  
And mid the gloom pale terror lifts his form:  
Now bursts the gathered tempest, torrents pour,  
And hollow winds through scatter'd forests roar;  
Far through the storm the vivid flashes gleam,  
From cloud to cloud careering volleys stream,

And thick and fast upon the prostrate world,  
With vengeance wing'd the angry bolts are hurl'd.

A fine picture of Arabian scenery—its waste deserts—its Siroc, and the "red moon looking through pyramids of sand," as she rises, ends with the following lines;

From distant wilds is heard the dismal howl  
Of hideous monsters, that in darkness prowls;  
Urg'd by gaunt famine from his lair and home,  
Along the waste, the tiger's footsteps roam,  
And, from afar, the fierce hyena's scream  
At midnight breaks the traveller's fitful dream.

From the regions of the east, the Muse wanders to the frozen north—describes its sublimity and its terror, and thence roams to the fertile lands and genial heaven of the south, seeking in all, the sources of terror, of pain, and of death. A description of the pestilence which has heretofore scourged our own city follows, and no one can read it without acknowledging the justness and force of the picture. The conclusion is noble.

Through deserted dwellings, drear and lone,  
Dull silence reign'd, or rang the hollow groan.  
Frequent by night was heard the rumbling jar,  
Of the black hearse, or mercenary car,  
That, weary of its loathsome burden, sped,  
And hurried to the grave th' unhonoured dead.

Connected with this description, is a touching picture of a female corpse, which bent over the death-bed of love, and imbibed the deadly air in performing its sacred task.

Since the author wrote the following extract, the wheel of fortune has revolved, raising in its course the great and talented man who is the subject of allusion, and crushing his persecutors.

Behold the Patriot! he, whose liberal mind  
Plans to promote the common weal design'd,  
Who, toiling for his country, distant seas  
Together join'd, and taught the inland breeze,  
The freighted bark, from Huron's farthest shore  
To waft new wealth, and golden commerce pour:  
He stands condemned, proscrib'd; his laurels torn  
By envious hands, and by pretenders worn,  
While genius, virtue, worth, disdain to rise  
By little arts, which low ambition tries.

We have been thus liberal in our quotations, in order that our distant readers may be gratified with specimens of the author's powers. Mr. Carter has a poetical spirit, although in his preface he disclaims a poetical reputation. His versification, it is true, is at times harsh, there is occasionally too much inversion of style, but the general character of both is what it should be, and throughout the poem, there is a vein of strong and cultivated intellect. B.



## THE GRACES.

### EFFECTS OF BEAUTY.

If the power of beauty extended no further than its mere grosser influence, it would deserve no more homage than the inanimate perfections of nature. But female loveliness has spirited men to deeds of glorious enterprise, and transformed the dull and the selfish into heroes and patriots. Misers have become generous, and cowards valiant. Lovelace has some beautiful lines in his *Lucasta*, illustrative of the union between the admiration of beauty and the love of virtue :

" Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,  
To war and arms I fly.

True: a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field,  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore:  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Lov'd I not honour more."

The effects of beauty in the age of chivalry is well known. Woman was erected into a deity, and unshaken fidelity sworn to her charms. There were no hardships the lover would not endure, no perils he would not encounter, to prove the sincerity of his adoration. Those days of romantic enterprise are past, and man is sobered down into a colder and more rational animal; but though the worship of beauty is fettered by the restrictions and formalities of a more polished state of society; though it has lost that glow of enthusiasm, which once distinguished its votaries, it is yet triumphant, and ever will be, till the germs of love and sympathy are rooted from our breast. I would choose no better advocate, even before a tyrant's throne, than the persuasive eloquence of a woman's lips. There is an inward difference, a respect our nature is compelled to pay to the soft pleadings of a lovely female, which gains her half the victory. We are conquered by the manner, not the matter. The tone of the voice, the eloquence of the eyes, the expression of the countenance, and that amiable sense of helplessness, which looks to us for protection, are appeals too powerful to be resisted; reason, judgment, and even justice, oppose their barriers in vain, and beauty gains what rhetoric would have lost.

The respect paid to the fair sex is a distinguishing mark of the progress of refinement; and it is worthy of observation, that the intellectual character of a nation becomes elevated in proportion to this respect. There is no stronger proof of the barbarism of a country, and the benighted state of society; no evidence more conclusive of the

tardiness of civilization, than where we find woman treated with unkindness or neglect. The march of intellect is in exact proportion to the appreciation of the female character; and the great Peter of Russia was so convinced of this, that his first step towards humanizing his subjects, was to free woman from those slavish restraints which ignorance and tyranny had imposed. The Russian husband had heretofore regarded his wife as his slave; as a mere piece of household stuff, without the capacity of thought; and so subservient to the caprices of her tyrant, as to submit to the infliction of corporal chastisement. The monarch thought differently. He drew them from their seclusion, instituted assemblies and taught the men to respect, where they had hitherto been accustomed to command. This example was followed by Catherine, who was equally studious to restore her sex to the full possession of all their privileges. On the ultimate effect of this system, I am not sufficiently versed in the modern history of Russia, to determine; but I think there is little doubt that the present state of civilization and refinement of that kingdom, (such as it is) may be traced to this source.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE HACKNEY COACH.

I WAS lately passing through one of the principal streets of this city about the witching hour of night, with nothing of the spirit of adventure about me, when I encountered an overturned coach. The "membra disjecta," as Ovid would say, lay all around; a wheel, escaped from the axle-tree, had rolled to a little distance, as if to establish its own independence; the dickey had taken the same road, but, from greater ponderosity, was less prepared for flight, and had fallen something short of its more lively companion, and was pulled on this side, and on that by the horses; who, in this second chaos, had been released from the harness, and were picking out a little hay which yet remained of the morning's store. In the midst of the general wreck, where Desolation might have fixed her seat, stood Coachee, like Hannibal amid the ruins of Carthage, scratching his head, which is well known to be the appropriate gesticulation of despair. The vehicle itself lay quiet enough; black and huge as it looked in the darkness of the night, but every now and then, there burst from it, an angry storm of words, which threatened, like a volcano, any nearer approach, and awed Jehu into deference, and distance, as effectually as if it had been a Congreve rocket.

The unhappy charioteer came up to me, and with a very embarrassed air, said,

"Here's a pretty business, for a poor fellow; my axle-tree broken, my fare lost, and scolded to boot;" which of all these calamities he rated highest I do not mean to say. I offered my assistance to the inmates of the prostrate carriage, and instantly there was a storm of thanks, flung at me from the interior by an old lady, who I learned was returning from the theatre, with a cortege of Misses under her charge.

By the assistance of the driver, she was hauled out by the door on the upper side of the coach, to relieve the poor girls of her weight; for contrary to all the natural propensities of gravity, she had unaccountably remained on the high quarter of her prison. I stood below, to receive this goodly piece of merchandise in my arms; and while she made a thousand apologies, had leisure to survey this windfall, which, as far as I could judge, had no one quality that we would expect from *above*, except, that like the moon stones, she would come to the ground by her own specific gravity, as the chemists call weight. "O, sir," she whined out, in the most piano style imaginable, "you are too good!" but the pathos was arrested by the approach of the coachman, to render his assistance, whom she instantly attacked with all the good will that flame seizes gunpowder. "Ah, you nasty rogue, do you think to coax me, after committing murder, with your vile crokery shay?—But I can't done with you yet, if there's justice in New-York." I entreated she would make no further excuses: for my benevolence was now agog, and eager for employment, and, to say truth, a little curious to have a peep at the remainder of the cargo. Down she dropt into my arms, with an affected giggle that was quite provoking; it was like the swan's death-song; it was the last note I heard; for in the next minute I found myself in the mire, bruised, mortified, and unable to extricate myself from beneath this mature Venus, who, like another incubus, lay before me, quite as much ashamed, though not at all so much injured as myself. Compliments are very good things—fair weather accompaniments, well enough in their own place; but they won't cleanse clothes, nor heal aching bones. The coachman now undertook to relieve the other ladies; and nothing loath, I took my leave, praying heartily I might never again be called to *any lady in confinement*.

This accident a little discouraged my general philanthropy. When kindness becomes troublesome, it grows cautious. In passing the same place at night, I often fancy that I see a party of tumbledowns, when it is only the deep shade produced by an overhanging tree, and creep as closely to the opposite side, as if pursued by the importunities of an impudent beggar. R.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 12. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MIRNERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Tropical Recollections. M. de la Jacquiniere.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Mountains of Switzerland.*

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Mrs. Clive.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Notices of Works of Eminent Authors. No. VI.*

THE GRACES.—*Female Stratagem.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Rules to Discover Married Persons. A Lecture on Whims.*

POETRY.—*Stanzas, by "J. G. B.," and other pieces.*

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

## THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Professor Griscom has just commenced his lectures in the New-York Institution, on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, and the application of these sciences to the Arts.

During the month of October, 712 boats arrived and departed from Troy. During the same period, 3000 tons of merchandise were carried away by boats that took their entire loading at Troy, besides a large quantity taken by boats that were partly loaded at Albany.

A complete atlas of the United Provinces of Buenos Ayres is preparing under the authority of the government, by an officer of artillery, at the suggestion of the British Consul at that place.

The mummy, now exhibiting in this city, has been examined publicly by several medical gentlemen, and declared genuine. It appears to have been the body of a female of distinction.

### MARRIED,

Mr. S. Ward to Miss M. Heliker.  
Mr. D. Boardewine to Miss M. Taylor.  
Mr. J. Dennison to Miss P. Durfey.  
Mr. S. H. Davis to Miss M. A. Horton.  
Capt. A. Chard to Miss E. Bird.  
Mr. J. M. Meeks to Miss R. Hoffman.  
Mr. J. W. Rowley to Miss M. Shannon.

### DIED,

Mr. J. Gamble, aged 37 years.  
Mr. John Benson.  
Mrs. S. West, aged 64 years.  
Miss C. Thomas, aged 18 years.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

### STANZAS.

Oh! love remains when beauty's gone,  
And is with him, when youth is past;  
And the dear form we doated on,  
Will still be dear while life doth last,  
The heart can never rove,  
But still doth love, doth love;  
Though fancy oft will sport and play,  
And spend an idle hour or day  
In beauty's fairy grove.

'Tis only the inconstant heart,  
That rails against love's potent flame,  
Which, if perchance it felt the dart,  
Could not remain a day the same.  
But it will sport awhile,  
On this, then that one smile;  
But when the novelty is gone,  
If hies off to some other one,  
To love—and then beguile.

O trust not the unfeeling youth,  
Who scorns to say he ever felt  
Love's powerful flame, for O in truth!  
Each virtuous soul for once has knelt,  
With thoughts pure and divine,  
As virtue's lovely shrine,  
And own'd that love to us was given,  
To make this earth a mimic heaven,  
Our feelings to refine. PENELOPE.

For the Minerva.

### TO C. G. V. R.

By the pleasures we have met,  
By our boyhood's festal day,  
Let our spirits ne'er forget  
Those whom death has snatched away.

By our joys of old, when time  
Wore hope's sparkling diadem;  
By the promise of our prime,  
Let us aye remember them.

O'er those forms we loved so well,  
Stands the gray and solemn stone,  
We have rung their dying knell,  
We have wept that they are gone,

Yes, the lovely are at rest,  
And the worm doth riot now  
On the whiteness of each breast,  
And the beauty of each brow,

Pour the deep lament, my friend,  
It is meet that we should mourn,  
It is meet that we should bend  
O'er each forgotten urn.

There our hearts may well repine  
O'er the dust of faded youth,  
There where peacefully recline  
Gentle love and holy truth.

While they graced the front of that,  
They were cherished—they were ours—  
And we dearly prized their worth,  
They were life's untainted flowers—

They were guiding stars which shone  
E'er the sky grew dark with strife—  
They were blossoms newly blown,  
Springing on the tree of life—

Ah, that tree of life was fair,  
In our flower-encircled prime—  
But its branches now are bare,  
Stripp'd by sorrow and by time.

And it never more shall spring,  
And we never more shall see  
Leaf or blossom flourishing  
On the desolated tree.

J. G. B.

### TO \*\*\*\*\*.

*On the completion of her twentieth year.*

Once more I hail thy natal day,  
Loved image of a soul divine:  
Once more I wreath a laurel gay  
To deck that silv'ry brow of thine;  
And strike the lyre to notes of gladness,  
That lately echo'd nought but sadness.

For Time—deceiving Time hath cast  
Full many a thorn within my way,  
Since with a heart elate, I last  
Sung happily the natal day,  
And gaz'd upon the scene of joy,  
That danc'd before my anxious eye.

But give me warfare, toil or care,  
As dark and gloomy as the grave;  
Or wreck'd upon the sea despair,  
Alone, its horrors let me brave,  
If after all, the bliss be mine,  
To catch one lovely smile of thine!

Oh! could my wishes add a joy,  
To those already held in store  
By him, whose ever watchful eye,  
So often counts her suff'rings o'er;  
Then—not a moment should be thine  
That did not happiness entwine.

Farewell!—sweet flower of love—farewell!  
May happiness long find thee here,  
And when at length the hollow knell  
Of death, shall strike thy listening ear,  
May then thy gentle spirit prove,  
The welcome of eternal love.

### THE POET AMONG THE TREES.

Oak is the noblest tree that grows,  
Its leaves are Freedom's type and herald;  
If we may put our faith in those  
Of Literary-Fund Fitzgerald.

Willow's a sentimental wood,  
And many Sonneteers, to quicken 'em,  
A relic keep of that which stood  
Before Pope's Tusculum at Twickenham.

The Banyan, though unknown to us,  
Is sacred to the Eastern Magi.  
Some like the taste of Tityrus,  
"Recubans sub tegmine fagi"

Some like the Juniper—in gin;  
Some fancy that its berries droop, as  
Knowing a poison lurks within  
More rank than that distill'd from th' Upas.

But he who wants a useful word,  
To tag a line or point a moral,  
With find there's none to be preferr'd  
To that inspiring tree the Laurel.

The hero butchers of the sword,  
In Rome and Greece and many a far land,  
Like Bravos murder'd for reward,  
The settled price—a laurel-garland.

On bust or coin we mark the wreath,  
Forgetful of its bloody story,  
How many myriads writh'd in death,  
That one might bear this type of glory.

Cæsar first wore the badge, 'tis said,  
'Cause his bald scone had nothing on it,  
Knocking some millions on the head,  
To get his own a leafy bonnet.

Luckily for the Laurel's name,  
Profaned to purposes so frightful,  
'Twas worn by nobler heirs of fame,  
All innocent, and some delightful

With its green leaves were victors crown'd  
In the Olympic games for running,  
Who wrestled best, or gallop'd round  
The Circus with most speed and cunning.

Apollo crown'd with Bays, gives laws  
To the Parnassian Empyrean;  
And every school-boy knows the cause,  
Who ever dipp'd in Tooke's Pantheon.

For Bays did ancient bards compete,  
Gather'd on Pindus or Parnassus;  
They by the leaf were paid, not sheet,  
And that's the reason they surpass us.

One wreath thus twines the heads about,  
Whose brains have brighten'd all our sconces,  
And those who others' brains knock'd out,  
'Cause they themselves were royal dunces.

Men fight in these degenerate days,  
For crowns of gold, not laurel fillets;  
And bards who borrow fire from bays,  
Must have them in the grate for billets.

Laureates we have, (for cash and sack)  
Of all calibres and diameters,  
But 'stead of poetry, alack!  
They give us lachrymose Hexameters.

And that illustrious leaf for which  
Folks wrote and wrestled, sung and bluster'd,  
Is now boil'd down to give a rich  
And dainty flavour to our custard!

#### TO \*\*\*\* SLEEPING.

Lady! dream, but not of love;  
Be thy visions far above  
Feverish hopes, and pining fears,  
Fleeting joys, and lingering tears.

Love is an inconstant thing,  
Ever, ever on the wing,  
Flying most, when most pursued,  
Lightly lost, and dearly wooed.

Let not words, and looks of art,  
Win thy young and happy heart;

Let not beauty charm thine eye.  
The fairest flowers are first to die:  
Wit and learning cannot save,  
Valour finds an early grave.

Let thy virgin beauties glow,  
Like the buds that bloom in snow,  
Like the gems that shine unseen,  
Where man, the spoiler, ne'er hath been.

Like the flowers that wreath their leaves  
Underneath the clear cold waves,  
Weaving many a garland fair,  
Such as sea-nymphs love to wear,  
Far from mortal ear or eye,  
In their maiden revelry.

Be thy glancing foot the fleetest,  
Be thy tuneful voice the sweetest,  
Where the gay and happy throng,  
To weave the dance, and breathe the song,  
Pleasure, wit, and friendship, prove;—  
But, lady, listen not to love.

#### ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

#### Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Letter M.

PUZZLE II.—A Brush.

#### NEW PUZZLES.

##### I.

*Addressed to a Lady.*

What beauties with a grace may do:  
What, when you're drest, looks well on you;  
What every social man will be  
To please the present company;  
What master for a wife would give;  
On what a parson's horse may live;  
What misses use for similies,  
When fingers smart or head-aches tease;  
What antiquaries gladly give  
To make the former ages live;  
What some men never think too bold,  
To load their chests with ill-got gold,  
What I with pleasure would pursue,  
If you, my fair one, would prove true.

##### II.

To five composers I owe my frame:  
And, what is singular, when view'd my name  
Forwards and backwards will be found the same.  
When I'm discover'd, you will plainly see  
What the proud peer and peasant soon will be.

#### EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,

And published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,

128 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No  
subscription can be received for less than a year,  
and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to  
the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.